

Love Letters

Between

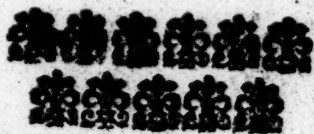
POLYDORUS.

The *Gothick* KING,

AND

Messalina,

Late Queen of *ALBION*.



P A R I S,

Printed for J. Lyford. MDC LXXXIX.

五言古詩

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THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

THE *Fam'd and no less true History of the Amours of Messalina, late Queen of Albion, having met with so general an acceptation in the World, that few Books of more seeming solid worth have attain'd to (as is easily demonstrable from no less then Fourteen several Editions that have been Emitted in less then Ten Months, viz. Five in French, Four in English, Three in Dutch, and Two in Italian, and that Two at the Instance of several Great Personages in divers Courts of Europe, the said History, I say, having been receiv'd with so universal applause, has occasioned some of no mean intelligence to think it not unworthy their care as well as charge to procure these Letters of Amour (guessing that the Powerful Magick of Gold and Louis d' Or's*
would

To the Reader.

would have no less influence over some crop-sick Spirits in the Court of Gaule than in other places ;) they made forthwith seasonable applications thereof to an open-mouth'd Gallant of a near Confidant of Messalina's, who, among other participations of his Mistress's Favours, not only gain'd them a sight of the Originals of these following Letters, but time also to transcribe them, she being it seems the only agent for their safe delivery.

Whether they have lost by the Translation or no the Originals (which I am credibly inform'd are already extant in French) will easily shew, but the Translator assures me, the Truth and Substance of them are punctually follow'd and observ'd.

The first Letter.

Messalina to Polydorus.

Fortune that fickle Goddess has Conspir'd and basely sided with my Rebel Slaves, and now like an impetuous Torrent they roul on, and in Confusion drive my scatter'd Troops before them, Virtue and Loyalty have lost their name; Relation, Friendship, all that should be dear is gone, and every hour some winged Messenger of Fate confirms our certain Ruin: Whether shall violated Majesty retire? There's none here that offers injur'd Innocency protection: No sense of Duty; no Remorse or Pity; Pity did I say? Forgive me thou iacred Guardian of Imperial Heads; that Majesty must needs be cheap and vile, unworthy thy great care, that can meanly stoop to the unthinking Crowd; no, rather mighty *Polydorus*, let me stand the hated Object of Spight and Scorn, e'er once admit a thought or act a thing which even thy great Soul would blush to own: Tis true, the natural weak composition of our Sex, disables my Officious hands from mighty Action; but Oh! the fervent boilings of my Soul would even inspire the Boasted Courage of Man to something more than usual Undertaking: I swear by thee thou God like Man, if poor *Lycogenes's* baffled Fate, at first had trod the Paths I boldly drew, His Crown, had stood, the aim and envy not the prize of his now vaunting Rebel Christian Foes; but now

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Oh ! *Polydorus* all is lost, and Fate, poor envious Fate has done its worst : Where was thy mighty busie Genius then imploy'd ? Thy Genius that exemplary Scourge of haughty Rebels. How with his lofty God-like Meen would he have come and stalk'd and star'd the Rebels into Duty : Where were thy Thundring Firey Ministers of certain Death ? Whose bellowing loud reproaches had made the amaz'd Invader blush and shrink, or tamely stand the Victim of thy just displeasure : But why do I thus rudely Chide my only constant Friend and great Protector : Thy manly Soul unus'd to poor clandestine ways to Victory, was like my poor *Lycogenes* and me securely wrapt in virtuous Innocence, while the poor Thief contriv'd and basely stole a cheap and easie Conquest. But surely Providence has well design'd, at least to enlarge brave *Polydorus* Fame : 'Tis left for none but thee great Prince to retrieve what poor *Lycogenes*, alas ! could not prevent ; remember then what's owing to thy honour, think thou'rt the great Protector of the Pagan World : What shall I plead for injur'd Innocence and Sacred Majesty profan'd ? And surely *Polydorus*, I may say there's something due even to Love and Me.

Messalina.

Polydorus.

The second Letter.

*Polydorus to Messalina.**Upon the News of the Prince Anaximander's descent into Albion.*

THe Gods, great Princess, have at last been kind, and by this happy juncture seem to own the justice of my Love and my Pretensions ; now my kind Starrs have given a blest occasion to vindicate my long neglected Vows, and now my feeble contemplative Sighs (which yet, till now, did never unregarded fall) shall soon give place to more material proofs, and leave your unbelieving cruel heart without excuse : Oh ! that I might Blaspheme and wish the Universe Were all combin'd to cross or shock your well fix'd Grandeur, Ease, or Pleasure ; how like another *Jupiter* methinks would I dart out my never missing Fires on their Rebellious Heads : How would I singly baffle their united strength, and with your Charms alone inspir'd, would prove my Power as well as Love invincible : Speak my lov'd Princess, Speake, name but the bold Invaders doom, and I like Fate, nay more quick, will cut his trembling shrinking Thread, and drive his puny crawling Fame into its Primitive Obscurity : Say, shall I ravage, burn, destroy, or bury that ungrateful envious Isle in the curst grumbling Womb of its own Mother, Sea : Oh ! how I tremble, rave, and burn, for fear his harsh ill croaking Trumpets, grate my

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Royal

Royal *Messalinas* Ears, and discompose or fright my lovely Queen: Sometimes methinks I see whole Bands of her Rebellious Slaves advance, stretching their sacrreligious hands against her sacred Person; when with an awful true Majestic frown, she quells their audacious blind Rage, and makes it dwindle into slavish Flatterys: Sometimes with noble pity she laments their rash unthinking Zeal, and with officious Charity, would press Favours the Gods alone beside can offer, which, curs'd ungrateful Brutes, they rudely slight and disavow. Prepare my lovely charming Queen prepare, leave that unhappy barren Isle, barren indeed and void of every Good, till thy more powerful Rayes warm'd their cold heavy Spirits, and with thy proper Stock, didst first enlarge their narrow Stores of Beauty, Wit, and Virtue: Come, come my Saint to some more fortunate Abodes, come and receive a Crown which none dare hope or can deserve but, thee: A Crown which none can give, or can as well defend, but

Polydorus.

The third Letter.

Pedro to Polydorus,

I Humbly presume to acquaint you Majesty, that the Prince *Anaximander's* Landing in the West of *Albion*, was followed with the unnatural defection of some of my Master's best Troops; whereupon the King *Lycogenes* in a great

great Council, declared his fuspicion of the remaining part of his Army : However he resolv'd to meet him and head the Army himself ; but alas! in vain, for as the Prince advanc'd, they all shew'd their unwillingness to engage, and his greatest Confidents fought but an opportunity to desert him : He is now return'd to *Alba-Regalis*, and he has resolv'd in his Closet Council to repose the two dearest Pledges he has in the World, in your sacred Majesties care and Royal Protection ; I mean his most Royal Consort, and the *Cambrian* Prince his Son, already private Orders are given for all necessary accommodations, and 'tis resolv'd that they Embarque within these three days at farthest : I am your Majesties Devoted Servant,

Pedro.

The fourth Letter.

Messalina to Aspasia.

TIS true my dear *Aspasia*, too too true, and my Prophetick Soul has prov'd too nice a Harbinger of my Misfortunes : Talk talk no more *Aspasia* of Devoirs and Duty, thou standest a fairer Candidate to Rule than I : Time every minute threatens our weak Government, Thou stand'st surrounded with whole Bands of faithful Slaves, whilst poor *Lycogenes* is forc'd to flee, poorly fly even from his own Army : How great a Paradox to after Ages will it seem ? When in the Records of the *Albion* Kings, it shall

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be said, *Lycogenes* at the Head of 40000 Men,
 lost *Albions* Crown without a stroke : Gone dear
Aspasia are those happy times, when every day
 brought forth some new Coin'd Pleasure, and
 every heart with Emulation strove to fall a glo-
 rious Victim to *Messalina's* Eyes. Ah ! fading
 Joys, how quickly are ye fled ? Ah ! fickle Great-
 ness, on what a slippery Ground is thy Founda-
 tion laid, bred from the fickle Air of Popular
 Applause, and like the Abortive Embryo in the
 Womb, canst never claim perfection : But tell
 me ô ye dark Mysterious Powers, did your Al-
 mightiness then Create us wretched Mortals for
 your sport alone : Come lay your terrifying
 Thunder down a while, and give Oppressed
 Virtue leave to argue : Where is that boasted
 Justice which you claim and fix amongst your
 highest Attributes ? where's that reward, that
 happiness you promise to Pious indefatigable
 Zeal ? When did your Altars less neglected stand,
 or when more numerous were your bowing
 Slaves ? When was the growing Power of your
 curs'd Heretick Foes with so much Zeal and In-
 dustry pursu'd ? and if ye had but even Wink'd
 all our endeavours had been for ever extinguish'd.
 But oh ! *Aspasia* now I go too far, and vainly
 would confine Incomprehensive power : Come
 dear *Aspasia* let us raise our heavy fainting
 Spirits, and believe that Providence has yet some
 Joys in store, and by this taste of sorrow, would
 instruct us how to enhance and value future
 Blessings :

Blessings : Come think this Flight nought but a Royal Progress ; (in this more happy than in curst *Albion*) that now free and unconfin'd Walk, free from the censures of our Rebel Spies ; now we may talk, and laugh, and love, and pray, and in each others Breast unlade the secret Revels of our thinking Souls : Oh ! I have ten times more to impart, but interrupting business, noise, and hurry, scarce gives thy unhappy *Messalina* leave to say Frewell ; ô recommend, my dear, to thy best wishes, thy

Messalina.

Postscript.

Whatever secret Orders our present curst necessities may extort from the King my Husband, be sure thou charge Latroon, with all his Art and Courage, to maintain Iberia as the last Stake of our Glorious Fortunes ; I doubt not Polydorus will be kind, and open us an easie passage to our Thrones again ; the Torrent swell so high, and runs so violent, we have reason to hope our Troubles will not be lasting ; in the mean time see all things in as good a Posture as the Face of our Affaires will permit, and make hast to attend us at our Court in Gaule.

The fifth Letter.

Aspasia to Messalina.

IF the dear hopes of Revenge did not mitigate the excessive Grief for your Misfortunes,

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I should have blush'd to have Sign'd this poor mean tender of my Faith and Love, otherwise than with my last dear Drops of Bloud : No my Royal Mistress, I had n'er surviv'd the unhappy Tidings of your forc'd departure, but that my high-flown Soul, sure by Prophetick Rage inspir'd, bid me not only live, but hope I should at least revenge these barbarous Affronts offer'd to sacred Majesty : Yes most Illustrious Princess. there is yet more than a glimmering hope of our Success ; the Gods indeed can be severe, but not unjust, and though your Rebel Slaves may boast some small Success against your juster Arms, yet Providence in kindness, has reserv'd whole Bands of Valiant *Iberian* Slaves, whose Loyalty shall prove the Rebels Scourge, and brand the name of *Albion* for ever : Oh ! Then my dear lov'd Mistress do not grieve, this little gust of seeming happiness, which yet your Foes do so much magnifie, shall like some fatal Pestilential Air return, and prove the Plague of all their curs'd Posterity ; those specious names of boasted *Liberty, Religion, Property, &c.* They so much urge, and which are still the Harbingers of their intended Villainies, shall soon be expos'd to a Test they'l never bear ; and like the superfluous Dross cast out for ever. Think mighty Princess as thou goest, how dearly they must pay (and quickly too) for this poor short-liv'd Scene of fading Glory ; Look back on that presumptuous spot of Land, and pity its unbridled insolence,

solence, that like some little out-cast from its Mother Earth, being kept & nourish'd by the unwary Sea, durst now lift up her proud rebellious Head, and vainly would give Law to both her Benefactors ; poor feeble Vermin, whose mean obscurity hath hitherto been their only preservation ; when mighty *Polydorus*, that Lord and Potentate of more than half the solid Continent, shall once vouchsafe to bring his conquering Arms against them, how then will they seek for Royal *Messalina's* Favour, and from her mediation only shall have leave to live, adore, and boast of Slavery : But why, my lovely Queen, should we disturb great *Polydorus's* more important Conquests, send but that Royal Pledge of all our future happiness, that little Hero of the *Albion* World, the *Cambrian* Prince, him, as the *Scythians* once their Infant King, we will with Loyal and Officious Zeal surround ; and when we march against our Rebel Foes, He in his Royal Cradle shall advance and give a double edge to our Revengeful Swords ; and while your dauntless Slaves (flush'd with the Encouragement of their just Cause, as well as presence of their Infant Prince) shall cut at every Stroak some blooming Branch of fresh Victorious Lawrel for his Brow , We, whose ungainly Sex Nature has made unfit for such rough Service, will stand at distance and survey the Field at once to prompt and praise the Loyal Courage of your Conquering Slaves : Thus will we Fight and Pray with

such Success, that Fortune blushing and asham'd to own her own great Attribute in Constancy, shall come a Suppliant to your Royal Feet, confess her weak Attempts against your Power, and even change her Nature to remain your fix'd and faithful Slave for ever : Believe me Royal Mistress, 'twill be so, for sure they are something more than common thoughts that thus inspire the Soul of your Majesties faithful

Aspasia.

Postscript.

I have already given Orders for a Galley to transport me to Gaule, nor can the longing Lovers antedate their tedious minutes more, than I, till I come to condole your sacred Majesties misfortunes, and Congratulate however your Safety : Latroon has already issued out Commissions for the raising Seventeen Regiments, and in a Months time doubts not of having Thirty thousand Men compleat to take the Field.

The sixth Letter.

Messalina to Polydorus

After her flight from Alba Regalis

HAST Polydorus, hast, 'tis Royal *Messalina* calls ; the grizly Lyons Claws are spread against me, and nothing but thy powerful Arm can save me ; hark how his hungry Whelps do yell and roar and scent in every Corner for their Prey, prepar'd at once to Seize and to devour

devour me : Well cruel envious Fate, thou hast not yet o'ercome me, in spite of thee i'll live, and live a Queen ; I'll find a way to counter-mine thy partial vain decree, and in a careless wise neglect, drown, all thy poor designs and resolutions ; yes mighty *Pelydorus*, now I come full with a sullen Joy, for having thus o'ercome the insulting Pride of my Rebellious Slaves, see how the more obedient Waves bow down, and with a pleasing murmur, (such as of longing Lovers when they meet, and in harmonious discord chide each others absence) they proclaim their pleasure for the presence of their Queen : Hark how the Winds do gently fan my Sails, and like officious Pages wait behind me, and with all decent speed direct to my desired Harbour : Sometimes my hopes do antedate that pleasing into pain, and then my needless fears suggest a thousand difficulties : Ye Gods what new Invention's this ye have found to plague me ; avert the false ill boding thoughts ye Powers and take this airy Dæmon from me ; my evil Genius vainly would suggest that God-like *Polydorus* could be false, that he could slight, and with a proud neglect look odly on his Royal *Messalina*; methinks , ô no, I do but idly dream, I hear thee in a disdainful Tone, complain, and ask, is this the so much boasted *Albion* Queen ? Where are those Roses that like blushing Cupids fate on her lovely Cheeks ? Where are those Eyes, those all commanding Eyes, whose every pointed Ray

Ray would so surprize and blind the unwear-
 y gazer ? Where's that fam'd Beauty, Wit, and
 Meen, &c. Oh ! wretched *Messalina* say no more ;
 forgive me *Polydorus*, for I rave, and my blind
 Fears suggest impossibilitys ; Greatness has double
 Splendor in Distress, as Roses double sweetness
 when in Tears ; and *Polydorus* Soul is far above
 that gilded Pageantry that fills and reigns in
 mean desires : 'Tis true thy *Messalina* comes
 like the poor Shipwrac'd Mariner from the de-
 vouring Sea, not stock'd with all the Riches of
 the East, as when I parted from thy bounteous
 Land, and came to purchase (as curs'd Fate
 has made it) but an imaginary Crown of poor
Lycogenes ; yes, yes indeed thy Prodigal's retur-
 ned bare and dispis'd by those who stand enrich'd
 with her too bounteous Stores : Well let them
 vainly boast their ill got Prize, that like some
 venomous Canker will o'erspread and ruine all
 their Peace and Happiness ; methinks my cooler
 thoughts encline my tender Heart to pity their
 misguided Zeal : But oh ! like furious Mad-men
 they run on, and slight the sound advice of their
 Physician ; Oh ! the blind hurry of *Plebian* rage,
 how like devouring Flames before the officious
 Winds, they unresisted break through all that
 stands before them, and like those Flames, which
 some thick daring Wall has stood, by chance, the
 shock of their impetuous fury, they strait shrink
 back and hide their blushing Face, and creep and
 seek even unto those they have ruin'd for Pro-
 tection .

tection : Be thou then *Polydorus*, that kind God,
that canst alone withstand and baffle their un-
wealdy Valour : Arm, *Polydorus*, Arm, and re-
inforce the mouldring Fortune of my poor *Lycogenes* : 'Tis thy Victorious Arm alone can bow
the stubborn Genius of that haughty Isle ; 'Tis
left for thee alone to fix the tottering Crowns of
poor unhappy Princes ; and think great Prince,
since I can hardly yield by other Merits than my
own to Reign , from thee alone I could vouch-
safe to take, and none but *Polydorus* dare bestow
a Crown on

Messalina.

Postscript.

*I have with Sebastian and Elvira sent before
me the small remainders of my broken Fortune, all
that in such Confusion I could keep, except that dea-
rest pledge and hope of all my future Joys, I mean
the Cambrian Prince, whom, Polydorus I presume
to recommend to your peculiar Care and Protection :
The Marchioness de Tomazo I have order'd with
all convenient speed to attend your Majesty at
Lutetia, and take your Instructions ; I design to land
at B——aux, but am fearful of messing with any
Straglers of the Albion Fleet , I shall be oblig'd to
embarque on one of the small Royal Gallies, and
leave my Safety to your Consideration.*

The Seventh Letter.

Polydorus to Messalina.

WHat shall I say or do, thou Mourning
 Excellence ? How shall I moderate my
 growing Extasies, my Joy unspeakable for thy
 Arrival in my happy parts ? Alas ! with modest
 decency I would condole and curse the fatal
 Cause that makes my Princess grieve : But oh !
 can Saints be sad when they enjoy the dear blest
 presence of their Deity ; or, shall the Sick re-
 pine at their Recovery, because the luscious Pa-
 late was not pleas'd with the Application of some
 bitter Medicines : Oh ! let me, lovely Princess
 rather bless, at least relent and pity that unhap-
 py Isle, that would so tamely part with all that
 render'd it desirable ; mean and obscurely did
 they spend their time between the glimerings of
 Day and Night, the Sun scarce deigning once
 a Month to visit, and never was familiar with
 their Tents, untill he substituted thee my shining
 Queen, with thy bright Eyes to represent his
 Glorious self ; 'twas then they first could boast
 their much enlighten'd Land, and sit and bask
 in thy refulgent Glory ; poor wretched Slaves,
 their starv'd Appetites unus'd to such delicious
 fare, heedless and greedy to the Banquet run,
 and without measure fed and surfieted : And
 sure the Sea-gods were themselves a sleep, or
 startled at thy dazzling Excellence, or charm'd
 with

with the Musick of thy Syren Tongue, forgot to send their foaming Harbingers to fetch thee to their longing Arms. Oh ! had they once convers'd or known thy Charms ; Charms which the Jealous Nymphs and Godeffes soon saw, and therefore fearing thy dread Rivalship, clasp'd their enchanted Godheads in their Arms, and with officious haste conducted thee out of their Watery Territories, well fare their Jealousy and too just fears, that has so sure and swiftly brought my lovely Angel to my wishing Eyes , welcome, Ah ! welcome bright Divinity, welcome as is the dawning Light to the Night-straying Traveller : What mean those liquid Pearls, that balmy Dew, that silently creep down thy blooming Cheeks, and drown thy spreading Roses ? Why do thy Eyes like falling Stars point down, as if with thy Rebellious Slaves they would conspire to rob thee of thy Beauty, as thy Crown ? What can my Royal *Messalina* want or grieve for, when *Polydorus* is so nigh : Say dost thou think thy Grandeur is impair'd, mark but the thickning Crowds of bowing Slaves, that with integrity and Loyal Zeal, press and are proud to pay their strict Attendance : See how the shining Nymphs of *Gaule* repair, and with amazing Joy prepare to welcome their great *Diana*.

Polydorus.

Imperfect in the Original.

The

The eighth Letter.

*Polydorus to Messalina,**After the first Visit at St. Ger——*

TIS true, long Absence and devouring time,
 by this might well have been suppos'd to
 have worn the faint Ideas of indifferent Charms;
 'tis also true that *Polydorus* Heart, which cares
 and mighty business still has prest, has long a
 Stranger been to those soft Pleasures which serve
 to alleviate the toils of Princes; but what can
 Royal *Messalina* thence infer? But that the Al-
 mighty power of her sublimer Beauties scorn'd
 to be tied to common rules of time or place;
 and that though absent, like the Sun in Clouds,
 her influence still do's operate on all, as present,
 in its bright Meridian glory: Yes cruel unbelie-
 ving Queen, 'tis true, that time nor absence has
 had power to heal the fatal Wound your pointed
 Lightning gave; my too, too tender heart do's
 still retain the impression which your early
 Beauty's made, my aspiring hopes, though in
 disguise, did still pursue the wandering Steps of
 their lov'd cruel Object, resolv'd like valliant
 Warriors n'er to yield to the suggestions of a faint
 despair: No mighty Princess, *Polydorus* heart,
 in Love as well as War's Invincible, those Charms
 which once my greedy Eyes suck'd in, and run
 with speed to inform my amazed heart; those
 dazling Charms I say do still employ my anxious
 thoughts

thoughts, my covetous desires; nor did your absence otherwise allay or stop the rage of my devouring Flames, than just to allow my panting heart a breathing, which now your presence has again inflam'd; and by the addition of diviner Beautys (which hitherto your cruel cunning had reserv'd) as it were by Ambush, my unwary Eyes surpriz'd, and fix'd me now your everlasting Slave: Yes mighty Nymph, I do not blush to own I am totally Subdu'd: Your never erring Shafts have found an easie passage to my yielding Soul, and now the pleasing Poyson trills through every Vein, through every Pore: In vain I strive, in vain apply, to expel the insulting Tyrant from my Breast; too sure he's rooted, mingling with my Blood, till he at length become a part of me: Well my almighty Conquerour, since my Stars, conspiring with your Power, have thus Subdued me, tell me the Conditions you appoint your Slave, declare the manner how you will be Worshiped, oh! speak, command, for my officious Zeal waits with impatience now to be imploy'd: Say lovely *Messalina*, canst thou yet vouchsafe to admit poor *Polydorus* in the croud of thy admiring Slaves? Canst thou suspect his Loyalty or Zeal? And if thy Smiles may be by man deserv'd, canst thou misdoubt his power? Ah! no my lovely Queen can n'er mistrust what many years experience has confirm'd; too oft she has prov'd

D

the strength of my enclining Heart, conquer'd,
disarm'd, and left at pleasure breathless : Such
Messalina is thy Power, such thy victorious
Beauty : Ah ! lovely Queen, what then remains
to make thee Glorious, but

Polydorus.

The ninth Letter.

Messalina to Polydorus.

AFTER so long a Series of Misfortunes, which
with malicious haste have crowded on me,
my cruel Fate I hop'd, even for its own convenience
would have stop'd, and for variety have turn'd
it self to some less weary Object : Oh ! the
eternal Powers, that boast with equal Scales to
poise the World, tell me, is loss of Riches, Glory,
Power, so trifling insignificant a punishment for
the frail Errours of a humane Life, that in your
zealous Fury you can thus contend, each striving
to exert and wreak his powerful Malice on
a wretched Queen ; was't not sufficient that my
Royal Birth was first expos'd to the malicious,
base, false, Censure of my Slaves ? Was not the
mighty Sacrifice of three fair Crowns which at
one Offering you severely claim'd sufficient to
atone for all the poor neglects my weak mis-
guided nature made ? Must I for ever stand your
aim and mark ? Or is my Debt so unaccountable
that my whole stock of life shall scarce defray
it ?

it? Yes cruel *Polydorus* now I see this is the sad Estate of wretched *Messalina*; ah! poor neglected virtue, whether art thou fled? If not in godlike *Polydorus*'s Breast, where canst thou hope to find, Alas! a safe Retreat? Oh! cruel Friend, for spite of my self, I still must call thee so: Do then my loud tongu'd Wrongs serve for harmonious Musick in thy Ears? Are then my Sufferings (which even my Enemies admire, and some do pity) so easie, or so well made up, that thou couldst rather seem to congratulate my Triumph, than lament or help my shatter'd Fortune; hard hearted Prince, couldst thou then think that *Messalina*'s Ears, that labour yet with the triumphant noise of my Victorious Rebel Slaves, could stand with ease and patience to listen to the soft trilling of a Love-sick Passion? Ah! faithless Prince, are thus my mighty hopes beguil'd? Is thus thy glorious Court (the Sacred Refuge once for injur'd Innocence) chang'd, and design'd my only Ruine and Destruction? Oh! no, it cannot, must not be, I sure mistake, and *Polydorus* ferven tender of his heart, is nought but the result of his highest Friendship; Yes glorious Prince, I can endure to hear thou lov'st, and lov'st with mighty Zeal thy Royal *Messalina*; lov'st as the Guardian Angels do their tender Charge, and with like Purity and Innocence.

And sure since Gratitude may well exact for such high Merit, suitable returns, believe me

Polydorus, thou hast no mean share in the most solid thoughts of *Messalina*: since universal Fame has long vouchsafed to adopt thee her chief Favourite and Friend, since all thy Sex without distinction bow, owning, in spite of envy, thy just praise, since the fair Goddesses of all the Earth do with officious emulation strive to pay their just acknowledgments to thy great merit, since all thus languish, covet and desire a share in Godlike *Polydorus* heart, shall *Messalina* only stand and tempt the force of so almighty power; no mighty Prince, see thy submissive Slave, I own my self enlisted in the Roll of all thy innumerable Debtors: But oh! curs'd Fate, that made me stake my Credit, to render me at last a shameful Bankrupt: 'Tis so, great *Polydorus*, *Messalina* now can only make returns to all thy Princely bounties in bare and thin acknowledgments, that heart, those Eyes, which heretofore would stand, and gaze, and think, and wish, and boldly rove o're all the beauties of thy Manly Face, are now (I dare not say unluckily) confin'd, strict bounds are set to all my pointed steps, and sharp-ey'd virtue waits with busie care to guard my Looks, my Words, my Thoughts, my Actions: Ah! then be good and kind my lovely Prince, and think what's due from *Polydorus* to his Friend: what's due to Honour too from *Messalina*; think that those Charms which grace thy lovely Person, need not the
bait

bait of thy perswasive Eloquence, if Honour, Duty, Virtue, did not stand and bid defiance to thy utmost force; deaf to the harmonious Musick of thy Tongue, and blind to all thy glittering perfections; rest then my *Polydorus*, rest content, and let my watchful Ears, which by thy busie tempting Charms are forc'd to wake; have rest, and think that Fate alone with-holds all thou canst hope or wish for from

Messalina.

Postscript.

I receiv'd just now Letters from rebellious Albion, which by Tomazo I have herewith sent that you may better understand and judge of my Affairs there. All things go on with a high hand, and without speedy Assistance I fear will grow desperate: Poor Lycogenes is much perplext for fear Latroon should be over-reach'd by the Christian Grandees of Iberia: If I have any power with Polydorus, I would wish to have the Affair of Iberia dispatch'd with all speed.

The tenth Letter.

Polydorus to Messalina.

WHat means my lovely *Messalina* thus to start, and what is this amazing cause of her displeasure, what new affrightning tidings have disturb'd her Ears, or what foul gastly sight has thus surprized her, tell me thou dear tormentor of my Soul what strange and wondrous accident has thus provok'd thy zealous Exclamations? When first I read those dear but cruel lines, all fragrant with the fresh Impression of thy hand, I thought no less then Murders, Rapes, and Villainys unheard of, could so extort and raise thy fatal Indignation; each word rais'd Terror in my guilty Soul, and every line seem'd to have born the dreadful visage of my Executioner; At length my recollected Senses made me look, and mark, examine, call and ask, where is this
bold

bold Usurper , Villain, Ravisher ? what
 impious Intruder can this be, that dares
 presume to assault the well-known guar-
 ded Breast of my almighty Queen ? These,
 cruel *Messalina*, were my Thoughts, my
 sad Expostulation ; till running with my
 eager Eye along, I soon perceiv'd, too
 soon alas ! I found, unhappy *Polydorus*
 was the man whom you had thus mark'd
 out with signs of blackest Infamy : Ah !
 cruel Tyrant Love, through what ambi-
 guous paths dost thou conduct me ? What
 strange and different methods dost thou
 take to oppress a heart that n'er rebell'd
 against thee ? Cruel *Messalina*, is this then
 the Reward of my long-vow'd continu'd
 zealous Passion ? Are then my Sorrows
 (greater than ever yet despairing Lover
 felt) so easily become thy sport ? Is't
 not enough thou never wouldst vouchsafe
 to crown my faithful Services with one
 poor smile ? That thou thus cruelly canst
 seek to add to the heavy weight my
 groaning Heart lyes under ; and instead
 of Cordials to my fainting Spirits, thou
 pourest Poyson into my akeing Wounds,
 and canst endure to brand the truest, most
 sincere

sincere and loving heart with (Oh ! I
 rave to think it) Ingratitude, the worst
 of Crimes : But am I, cruel Queen, un-
 grateful when I Love ? And is that then
 become a Crime in me which (all that
 have been happy to have seen thee) ac-
 count a pious Zeal : No mighty Nymph,
 if 'twere a crime to love thee, think
 but what an innumerable Company of
 Pious gazing Slaves each look of thine
 would every moment Confound and
 Cast into the utter Regions of Perdi-
 tion ; and 'twere a Crime indeed to
 think those lovely Eyes and Heavenly
 look's, which surely are the Fountains
 of all Life, could change their wonted
 Natures, and effect a power of killing
 all their humble Votaries, and that
 come with pious Zeal to kneel before them:
 Kind Heaven allows the meanest Wretch
 on Earth to come and bring his Mite of

In-

Incense with him, let also thy Divinity vouchsafe to accept the adorations of thy Slaves, and if from any offerings they bring, there's any dare presume to a reward, vouchsafe thy *Polydorus* then to plead, who brings with him a heart sincerely true, and if by man thy love may be deserv'd, will prove it self not most unworthy thy Protection.

Subscrib'd in haste, Polydorus.

Postscript.

I just now receiv'd a visit from Lycogenes, which he made me in order to take measures for his speedy embarking for Iberia. My lovely Queen, thou canst not be insensible how the urgency of my own affairs (which I have just reason to apprehend will grow very thick and difficult upon me) have put some restraint on my resolutions to have equip'd him for a descent upon Albion, though by our Ministers we are perswaded to give some way to the present brunt, and form such considerable Forces, in the mean time, in Iberia, as may speedily and effectually, bring about our Designs; and though the Justice of his Cause, his own Personal Valour, and the formidable assistance he will have with him, may justly take away all apprehension of failure, yet I can never look on the complement of his designs, other than the result of my adorable Queens Prayers, and it were a sort of Sacrilege to question the success, when so prevalent a Saint as my Royal Messalina espouseth our Cause.

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The Eleventh Letter.

*Polydorus to Messalina.**Just after Lycogenes departure from Gaule.*

WHY should my lovely Queen, with fear and frivolous disputes, thus aggravate, at least, continue the sorrowful remembrance of her past misfortunes? Why are those eyes, where charming *Cupids* should disport, and in their comfortable Sun-shine bask and play, with Pearly melancholly showers o'whelm'd? Why should the memory of a quite spent Storm, drown all her hopes of future happy days? Revive, revive, dear charming Saint, and think the worth of these most precious drops, have far out-bid all that malicious Fortune can impart: Why should thy blooming Beauties fall a Sacrifice to the faint pleasures of unfortunate *Lycogenes's* Crown? If 'tis Ambition fills thy lofty Soul, if Rule, Dominion, Empire be thy aim, look on some glorious Diadem, that may fit bright and easie on thy brow; think of that Kingdom which the united strength of all the well-known World can scarce disturb, much less subdue. If numerous attendance be thy care, think of that place whether all the universe do flock, and with officious pomp should wait thy every Motion, let not the narrow

narrow bounds of one weak barren Isle press
thy capacious thoughts, but think when thou
hast *Polydorus* in thy Arms, thou hast, like *Cleopa-*
tra once, the Lord and Arbiter of even more
than *Cæsars* World, why should thy lofty and
unbounded Soul, stoop to the mouldy prescripts
of doting feeble Age, or which is worse of crafty
whining Priests : Great Monarchs to themselves
should be a Rule, and virtues from *their wills*
should have their Denominations, 'tis fit that
poor Plebeian Souls should stoop and learn,
while every action of their Prince should be,
as an infallible director ; Duty, Religion,
Conscience are but names Preach'd up to keep
the otherwise Tumultuous World in order,
Honour a meer fantastick spright is urg'd, only
to hint discretion in our actions, and so preserve
the opinion of the busie spying world, alas
'tis utter Blasphemy to think the Gods should
deal of pleasures ivch infinity, only for us to
gaze on, not to use, and 'tis as bad to think
such multiplicity for every chooser they would
give, that we should niggardly our selves con-
fine to one, and that perhaps misguided choice,
oh no, my lovely Queen, let's pluck and Eat
was the opinion of our first wise Parents : Let
not thy Roses, that with beauteous sweetness
lift up their blushing Cheeks, as if asham'd to
hang so long neglected on their yielding Bran-
ches, fall murmuring as 'twere to the ground,
and pine away to melancholly paleness, think

that one hour thou lovest now of Life, carries an Age of Youth and Beauty with it. Time, on the foolish and deformed, sometimes may be said justly to attend and wait, but Beauty, Youth, and Wit, have no spare hours; each minute, with a hasty foot, steps on, and leaves the unwary gazer in confusion. Let's then, my lovely Queen, in time repent; let's not provoke the angry Boy too long, those Darts which hitherto he Shot were dip't in Juice of fresh pluck'd Roses, fragrant Oyntments, if there which easie fly do fail to warn us, let's beware, his deadly Poyson'd shafts, stand ready bent and fixt for fatal Execution. Come, let me fly then to thy out spread Arms, let me embrace thy tender Snowy Limbs: Oh! let me Suck that Balmy Cordial Breath, kiss, kiss, thy rolling Dying Eyes, and ravish all thy Beauties. Come, let me print young *Cupids* on thy Lips, and Kiss them into Life, and warm perfection. Oh, the Transporting Joys! Oh, extasy of happiness! If such the thoughts, so killing be the dreams of what my panting soul longs to enjoy, how shall I bear the essence of my joys? The substance will orewhelm my fainting Spirits, if thus the fleeting shadows can transport. No, do not, do not grant, frown, storm, complain, and call whole Troops of armed virtues to thy guard! Tell me of honour, gratitude, civility, and thunder loudly in my ears, threaten disdain, scorn, and dire revenge, if ever

I attempt, nay ask it of thee, do this and more, and think too thou art kind for sure the joy must needs be more than Sensible Man can bear. But oh! the weak resolves and poor designs of Hearts bound up in magick Chains of Love, were but thy lovely Arms once spread, did but thy wishing eyes with one dear languet call thy *Polydorus* to thy Breast: Were Serpents basilisks Mountains of Fire, or fury's with their grizly looks between, and dar'd to interpose and stop my ready passage to my Queen: Gods! with what fury would I cut along, Arm'd with powerful Love, would meteor like glide through their thickest fury: No, no, my Princess I did vainly rave, 'twas lovesick folly, if thou would'st have thy *Polydorus* live, look with compassion on his wounded Heart, and gently breath new life into his almost cold despairing Soul; warm now with gentle fires his Dying Spirits, and think it not the least of all thy glory's, if in the counting up thy numerous conquests, thou canst with unexampled pride relate, the gift of Life and happiness to mighty *Polydorus*.

The Twelfth Letter.

Messalina to Polydorus.

WHAT shall I do thou Universal Conquerour, whether shall I retire to hide me from the danger of thy all powerful Love; oh! thou subtle, invincible deceiver of our Sex: By what strange magick is't thou thus do'st draw, even the most wary, nice resisting hearts with, within the plainly dangerous Circle of thy alluring Tongue, oh! Virtue, Conscience, Duty now defend me, come now Exert your utmost power and force, for less than your united strength will ne're repel, those vigorous
 attacques

attacques are made against me: No, no alas, my Feeble
 Panting Heart, proves me already more than half o're-
 come, and though some Sparks of innate Courage yet re-
 main, which vainly would support, and prompt my faint-
 ing Spirits, yet Fate, and Godlike *Polydorus* Charms;
 which never sure knew pity or repulse, come thronging
 into my forsaken Breast, rising each corner with a Co-
 vetous Pride; and lead my now defenceless Heart in Tri-
 umph. Yes, yes, Great Conquerour, I see thy power;
 and now can wonder at my own Resistance, now I can
 see thy Dear commanding Charms, thy winning Graces,
 now I can hear and with Emphatick skill distinguish each
 accent of thy sweet Harmonious voice; now I can stand
 and with amazing silence hearken to the persuasive Rhe-
 torick of thy Tongue, each look, each word and action
 new supply fresh matter to my Love and Admiration;
 now I can Smile and pity those poor Hearts who with
 all heat and eagerness pursue, and toil for the dull fading
 toys and pleasures of Riches; Popular applause and
 Glory. Ah poor mistaken wretches, did they but know
 those worlds of pleasures, I in Love enjoy, how soon
 they'd quit those weak unworthy trifles, (which they, as
 drowning men catch hold of Straws with blind, de-
 structive zeal pursue) and strive with eagerness to grasp
 the solid never-failing Rocks of Love and Pleasure: Yes
Polydorus, I am grown a wonderful proficient in thy Art,
 thy generous Rules do so convince and move, have had
 so powerful an influence o're my Soul, that I can now
 with pleasure hear thee plead, and teach the wondrous
 precepts of all knowing Love, I now without a groan, or
 sigh can hear a doleful tale, of Kingdoms lost and Kings De-
 thron'd, unmov'd I stand when some State Politician,
 needs will tell of Tumults, Rebels, Wars and Revoluti-
 ons; alas all these stand on the slippery precipice of
 Fate or chance; and since without our power, why should
 we grieve: 'Tis true good manners and Civility exact my
 wishes for *Lycogenes*, the Gods themselves can witness
 how my Prayers go up with equal zeal for him as me, but
 yet

yet kind Nature wisely did ordain self preservation always should take place ; and since the circumstances of my Fate deny, all other Succour than my vows and Prayers, the World can never dare condemn that care ; (Nature and Providence allow and teach) I take to mitigate the smart and pain of my almost incurable misfortunes, yes this alone might well be thought a Plea sufficient, even for an erring faulty Love, but when I think I only make returns (poor as they are) to the Divine unvalluable passion of Godlike *Polydorus*, my Love seems then to claim Regeneration, is Sanctified, and rises free from all impure contraminations : Take then my Heart thou only brave great man, take to thy self that Heart which Fate by a thousand signal circumstances has declared was from the first design'd for thee ; and thee alone, and surely thou dost best deserve that treasure, who best know'st how to value it. 'Tis true, I had even from my own *Lycogenes* something of zealous formal Reverence, a blind obedience whensoever I call'd, he with all Dutiful submission paid but yet methought 'twas such a timorous zeal, as Servants pay to their commanding Lords, my haughty Geniue for'd a just compliance, but yet it look'd like Duty more than Love, and where the payment is but just our due there's left but little Room for thanks or Praise. Beauty like puny Stomachs should be brib'd with Picquant Sauces and provocatives, nor should they ever wait the leavy motions of distant Cooks and tedious preparations, Loves Squeamish appetite will quickly Pall, and therefore my little *Cambrian* Prince, just now attends me, and by a seeming Providence, comes in to interrupt my farther raving : Oh *Polydorus* ! Oh wretched *Messalina* !

F I N I S.